

EDWARD AND HARRIET,

OR THE

HAPPY RECOVERY,

A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

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A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES,

BY A LADY.

Dedicated by permission to her GRACE the
DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

The proper Study of Mankind is Man,

POPE.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXVIII.

EDWARD AND HARRIET

OF THE

HAPPY RECOVERY.

A SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



Testified by permission to the Grace and
Dignity of the

The Royal Society of Medicine in London.

Vol. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed for George Allen, A. W. M. No. 10,
St. Paul's Church-yard, and may be had at every
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MDCCLXXXIII.

E D W A R D
A N D
H A R R I E T:
O R T H E
H A P P Y R E C O V E R Y.

L E T T E R I.
L A D Y H A R R I E T T O E L I Z A,
(I N C O N T I N U A T I O N .)

MY dear girl you must allow that your Harriet deals in the miraculous, nothing else will go down with me I assure you—my quarter being almost up with Mr. and Mrs.

VOL. II.

B

Nickson

Nickson—I began to accuse my stupid head for not telling them where we lived—full of resentment to myself I strolled, I scarce cared where, when I was seized in the stupifaction by a gentleman, who grasped my hand eagerly—I started, he laughed, thank Heaven, he was a married man, it was my Mr. Nickson—happily met, Sir said I, “happily met my dear lady Harriet” says he, “and he imperceptibly led on, “where are we going cried I? no matter,” said he, “I promise no harm shall happen you, that Nickson can prevent, “charming creature said—pssha” said I, how is Sally?” she longs to see you,” said he, “I beg your ladyship’s pardon till I rap at this door”—granted, said I, but make

“haste

“haste, as I long to see Sally;” a footman answered; “will your ladyship step in?” said he, “O Lord for what Sir — nothing dear madam only a beautiful picture that’s here worth your ladyship’s attention?” and up he led me, taking me by the hand, he opened a room door, proclaiming here is lady Harriet, where will this end? thought I, but now what was my surprise when a venerable old lady came forward, her silver locks as white as the marble, is she, child our lady Harriet; and down—would you believe it, down she kneeled to bless me, I scarce knew what I did but, imperceptibly dropped down by her—Amen, said I, amen, “O! my preserver,” said she, “my

B 2

“Sally

“Sally, my poor dear helpless girl,” she now wept and sobbed; I put my mouth to her dear old cheek, never, never did your Harriet know such true delight: such real happiness, sure it is the highest gratification to ones self to do a noble action, it is returned tenfold in our own bosom; it is the greatest self-satisfaction; Mr. Nickson gently raised his aged grandmother, whom we led to the bed side. Oh Eliza, Sally herself was sitting on it, a smiling infant in her lap—“there, madam, there is the picture, it was through your means drawn, you see it as an original, it was you drew it to perfection,” and now Mr. Nickson presented me with his young son—I seized the dear child—
 “Oh,

“Oh, my Sally, this is joy”—be seated, lady Harriet—they saw I could hardly believe my senses.

“To you under God, said Mr. Nickson, I owe my wife, my child—the best of parents—your friendly relief supported my dear creature in the pangs of labour—this dear old woman just crushed and drooping with age and want, you revived, soothed and cherished her, restored her age’s darling, her only treasure, just saved her from the killing blast of a hard fortune.”

“The little one, that harmless creature, instead of tearing our hearts,

6 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
with the dreadful piercing cry of want
is now born heir to an estate--dear
madam my father died the very week
my child was born, it is but last
Tuesday ; I we brought my dear girl
here in a chair, she is exceedingly
delicate, but as it was well aired and
every thing in it to make it agree-
able, we thought it would suit her
best ; this house, furniture and for-
tune are now mine for ever --I can
now repay your bounty." Not a word
of that Mr. Nickson, but if I want
it I will make no scruple of taking
it.

On perceiving the dear old lady's
eyes water with the painful recollecti-

on

on of the past, and the exceeding delight she felt at present—I changed the discourse, and enquired when our little stranger would be made a christian on, as I had some claim to him by their account before he was born, I was resolved not to give it up now, since I saw the engaging little face of it : they agreed the next morning, if agreeable to me ; nothing could be more so, never did your Harriet feel such a day—nor did she ever taste such solid happiness—on my dear Sally's account I would stay no longer than just to tea, for the reason I mention, and for the gratification of giving you my dear friend this charming

ing

8 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
ing scene—now Eliza if you love
me—love this amiable family; nor
let the grey hairs of my dearest Mrs.
Ormsby escape the warmest wishes
for her welfare.

On our parting, she bid me take
an old woman's blessing, offered in
the fullness of her heart, while I pres-
sed the venerable hand she had up-
lifted for that purpose to my heart—
by what I perceived the scene was
growing too interesting, so I flew away
and hastened to return thanks to hea-
ven that made me any way instru-
mental to what I have just related--
I know what the amiable Countess---
dear

H A P P Y R E C O V E R Y. 9

dear Mrs Hamilton and you will feel
by the effect it has on,

Your sincere,

HARRIET LYSTER.

P. S. You amaze me by telling me
I shall soon be so happy as to see the
Earl what can it mean, I tell you
Eliza but let it never escape you--my
heart's engaged.

LET-

TO EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE

LETTER II.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

FULL of the sweets of a lying-in room, I take up my pen and after a copious entertainmant of cake, caudle, &c. I shall acquaint you my dear girl with an account of my god son's christening. As Sally does not leave her room it was in the morning, and none spent the day there but your humble servant. About twelve
I set

HAPPY RECOVERY. 11

I set out on my delightful visit, first carefully reading the ceremony over, wondering indeed how light people made in general of what I thought extremely awefull and solemn, full of those reflections I arrived at Grosvenor-square where I was welcomed in the hall by Mr. Nickson, who obligingly led me up the stairs, the room door being open--I was immediately struck with such a real picture of beauty--such true maternal love--Sally all in white---an emblem of the innocence she was then in all the tenderness of her heart, affording that nourishment, which nature has in pity to each tender young one afforded at their birth; the lovely boy was thus his mother's care, while

while both was attentively gazed at by Mrs. Ormsby, Mr. Nickson and I stood motionless, till Mr. Nickson could no longer contain himself; but springing forward pressed his wife and child to his bosom "dearest creature" said he, "what a blessing had I like to have lost!" seems this was the first time he had seen Sally in an office that did honor to her sex--that dear girls extream delicacy, prevented ever her husband being a witness to what made her appear more beautiful in his eyes, than all the glittering trappings a birth night suit could have afforded! we were thus delightfully engaged when a knock at the door proclaimed the approach of the rest of the company; we were to
be

be present—it was now my dear Sally told me the name of her son was at my disposal—I can't say but I was glad of it; Doctor Jacob soon made his appearance and two other gentlemen, which as it was not material, I did not mind their names—the ceremony began; the doctor made me feel each sentence—and seem'd to me by his manner of reading as if he really thought it a solemn tie—God send, child, I thought you may begood, as you have but a wild godmother—now was the grand point, I and the child were to receive a name from me, that was to serve to distinguish him thro' life—I hesitated—trembled, indeed I did so all along—and with a low voice stammered out, Edward—I

now heard him receive it in the most awful distinct manner, and presently I saw the young Edward carested by the most tender of parents. I really loved him, I cannot account for it, but I think he is much dearer to me than I expected; why should I love the brat thought I, that knows no difference between love and hate? then returned to that solemn ceremony with all its force “—O yes, said I, it is that—it is that to be sure”—when I was roused from my contemplation by my Mrs. Ormsby pronouncing Edward; at the same time handing the lovely babe to me, which I kissed over and over, till, would you believe it, the young rogue cried: “faucy puppy,” said I, and returned him

him to that dear venerable woman—who sits admiring each little feature; and thinks him the very picture of Mrs. Ormsby's mother. She was her only child, and departed as soon as Sally received her birth.

Now Eliza I forgot to tell you it was in compliment to you, I had my godson called Edward, as I knew you love that name, and I must insist on you loving this worthy family, as they belong to me, and I love every thing that belongs to you,

My dear friend,

ELIZA.

N. B. I was a little damped at returning home on my mother's being gone to bed ill.

LETTER III.

SIR EDWARD TO LADY HARRIET LYSTER.

EXCUSE me, dearest madam, for thus encroaching on your precious time, to acquaint you that your dear friend Eliza's brother is now in a rank of life, in which he may be allowed to hope for an alliance with the only woman on earth that can make life supportable—the earl, who is my generous friend, is likewise my confidante,

dante, and we have exchanged secrets of the same nature ; he also permits me to acquaint you, that his affections are as much engaged as mine, his excessive honour prompts him to this, as he is convinced were his worthy father alive, he had too great a regard both for you and his, to wish for an union that did not unite your hearts.

The reason for my being so explicit is to remove every objection of that nature that could be made, I only wait for leave from you to propose to you and your mother, to make what settlement on their charming daughter they please—I want to give my dear mother another daughter——Eliza another
 C 3 sister

18 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
sister — both a comforter. My
dear mother like a beautiful flower
begins to droop, but still preserves her
sweetness: impatient to address your
father and mother, I subscribe myself
your's while life remains in the con-
stant

ED. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER IV.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA:

DEAR creature I am quite out of sorts, I neither know how to begin nor end, but write I must — I wish you joy on account of this same brother of yours ; indeed, my dear, I hope it will not alter the fellow, he has, would you believe' it, made good downright matter of fact love, his stile quite altered, not the timorous fearful lover,

20 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
lover, but now he has a got a friend
to back him, the earl I assure you—
his *poor lordship's affections* are engaged so
as he cannot make me happy himself
—he most sincerely wishes me so—
down to the ground I thank his lord-
ship, and could kiss the fellow for per-
mitting Edward—Sir Edward I meant
—tell me—I can take a hint—it was
for a good old couple in their own way
this was meant, and so they had to dine
on that day and consider on ever since
—it would make you laugh to see the
alteration in Edward since he has been
knighted.

Indeed, my father and mother never
disliked the young man, they both very
judiciously

judiciously observed, he was a good son and a good brother, and of course would make a good husband.—Indeed, they could never brook my marrying a plain Esq; and as for the earl, it would be a dreadful thing for me to marry a man, that in his heart and soul preferred another — “ It would indeed, “ madam,” stammered I, while I held my handkerchief up to my eyes, “ it “ would break my heart in a month,” and really my eyes did water; but it was with joy for many reasons—for I must be a brute indeed, if I did not wish the earl’s happiness most sincerely, which I know he cannot enjoy while I remain single. The worthy couple was much affected—in the fullness of
their

22 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
their hearts said many kind things to
the snivelling Harriet—my fortune will
be great—which together with my heart
and hand shall be Sir Edward's—what
have I said—if it be what the Countess
and Mrs. Hamilton approve of—but
what is this? a letter, as I live from the
earl: don't be alarmed; you know he
has absolutely refused me! well, as
there is no accounting for people's ap-
prehensions in some matters, I send
the copy of his, you will see what a
warm advocate he is, he certainly will
take no denials from the woman he
loves.

LET-

LETTER V.

Copy of the Letter mentioned.

MADAM, in behalf of a very dear brother, I take the liberty to solicit in his favour with the amiable Lady Harriet, who has a heart susceptible of the finest feelings that can adorn her sex; do not let the man that loves her to distraction, be the only one that has reason to complain of her cruelty, as I must say he could not deserve
hard

hard usage from any body, much less the woman his heart doats on: were you to know how sincerely he loves you, what would you give to ease him, to make him at once enjoy title, fortune, friends, all which without you are nothing: oh, be the uniform Lady Harriet you ever were. Bless this worthy young man---picture his distress; the best of mother's still a living proof of the basest ingratitude, relieve this unfortunate tender parent---you---you will be amply rewarded: such a sister---but what pen can pretend to mention her perfections. Oh, Eliza, you are all that is good, beautiful and great in woman. My charmer could I hope to make you mine, what could

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could equal my happiness, the most tender endearing love, should try to support that delicate lovely frame, that hourly sinks in pity to her languishing mother.

Excuse me, madam, I am Edward's friend, perhaps self may be predominant; but were you Eliza's sister, may be you may remember one who subscribes with proper compliments to your father and mother, yours sincerely

L A D Y H A R R I E T.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

Oh, my dear, there is a letter for you, I will be your friend, your sincere friend, thou worthy man my heart

26 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
is quite softened, it is a foolish heart
to grieve at the same time it gives the
highest pleasure; where could my
Eliza on earth meet with a man
so entirely formed to make her happy,
such love, sentiment, delicacy and ten-
derness, never were united in one man,
excepting poor Edward, who shall not
be thought little of because he loves
your giddy friend. The good old
couple are in the study writing to this
same lover of mine I assure you; the
earl's letter made them put an end to
the affair directly. My mother hates
long courtships, they never come to
good, she says; the letter is wrote and
I am sent for. Adieu thou dear girl,

HAPPY RECOVERY. 27

it would give me pleasure if I could in the least sooth your dear mother's sufferings. My best respects to the worthy countess,

Yours sincerely,

HARRIET LYSTER.

D 2

LET.

38 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE

LETTER. VI.

LORD LYSTER TO SIR EDWARD
HAMILTON.

S I R,

YOUR amiable character, together
with the knowledge Lady Harriet
Lyster and I have of your many per-
fections, family and fortune, makes us
bestow our best wishes to you for your
welfare

welfare, and inclines us to agree to the union you seem so desirous of, between Lady Harriet and you who I do assure you both by birth and fortune, shall, as I was always determined, be an advantageous match to any man married with Lady Lyfter's consent and mine. You have our full approbation ---the settlements we shall easily manage; I have but one child, and she was always Lady Lyfter's darling and mine; we shall find it hard to part with her, but we are both going down the hill, and shall be glad to have her made happy with the man of her choice; when you write to your mother present our best respects to her,

30 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
also to that worthy woman the countess
and your charming sister,

I am, Sir,

With the greatest regard your

Most sincere and well wisher

LYSTER.

LET.

LETTER VII.

LADY HARRIET TO THE COUNTESS
OF SUTHERLAND.

I AM extremely concerned the Bath waters have no better effect on our worthy friend, as I find by my poor Eliza's letter, she is still extremely ill; it gives me pleasure it will soon be my duty as well as inclination, to try all in my power to comfort and assist that dear declining girl in her filial offices about her mother; if I can render that

mourn-

32 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
ful parent's life, more supportable it
will be an ample recompence, I know
your heart too well to apologize for
my affections, as you madam have al-
ways been partial to the object of them;
I believe it can be no surprize to your
ladyship, as it has been an affair long
spoken of, and thought you might not
ardently wish it never expressed any
disapprobation. My father and mo-
ther talk of going to Bath immediately
for two reasons, which they bid me
tell you, my father is not in a good
state of health, and next is the plea-
sure of seeing your ladyship and friends
to whom I request to be remembered,
believe me, dearest madam your, most
affectionate obliged humble servant,

H. LYSTER.

LETTER VIII.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

WHY should I go on damping my dear friend's spirits, at a time too, though the man is my dear Edward, she most wants them? for sure it is a most solemn affair, and requires due reflection; Oh, that my dear mother had never given her hand, at least her heart to my cruel father! the thoughts of him, and the
dismal

34 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
dismal approach of the dissolution—
how shall I name it, of my mama,
my kind loving, tender mama, my
nurse from my infancy, to see her
precious life embittered with sickness
and grief, it is too much for you friend!
tears, tears, thou friend to the distressed
come to my relief, I must lay down
my pen and try to recollect myself—
I had just put my paper in my pocket
and tried to compose myself, when I
heard my mother and the countess
coming up. They presently came in,
each leaning on a son; my mother
came in first, “your brother, my
love,” says she, “that longs to press
“you to his bosom;” he did so, in-
deed

deed most affectionately. Never I believe did brother and sister love more tenderly. "Come, my lovely girl," said the countess, "I have a dear son
 "too, as well as my friend, he claims
 "some regard." The earl and she advanced, my brother gave him my hand, "My friend," said Edward,
 "to none in England but yourself would I give that hand"—"and none in the universe" replied he "but it would I accept"—then pressed it most tenderly to his lips—then to his heart—"well" said the Countess, "man plans, but heaven disposes"—her eyes glistened my poor mother's streamed;—the earl wiped mine with his handkerchief, then his own, and put it in his
 bosom

bosom—"I wish you joy my dear Edward" said the Countess of your approaching happiness with that excellent young lady, I expect her here shortly—"Oh madam" said my brother respectfully taking her hand—I shall be partly happy—but my mother and my sister are not—how can I then!" and bursting into tears would have withdrawn but the Countess prevented him and assured him no one could more approve of the match than she did, my emotion was excessive which the kind man strove all he could to remove; my heart was in my eyes, they bid him welcome most sincerely; led by the Earl I followed my dear mother who was obliged to be supported bet-

between

tween

tween the Countess and my brother to an agreeable summer house—where the Countess herself made the tea—her looks were vastly kind to me; in the most delicate manner she strove to remove my confusion, which was very great as the Earl absolutely was quite particular—my dear mother seemed easier as she had given vent to her bursting heart; after tea we and all grew more composed—we are in daily expectation of seeing you—which will indeed be a high gratification to your friend to have you once more in my arms: I long to call you by the affectionate name of sister

38 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE

which if you regard me, for the sake
of the best of brothers you will not
delay,

Yours at all times,

E. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER IV.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA:

OH, my dear, with scarce an eye in my head I sit down to write you a scene I was present at, which I fear I am inadequate to the full description of, however I'll make the attempt and leave it to your imagination to supply my deficiencies. As my things are packed up and we begin our journey to-morrow, I went yesterday to take

E 2

leave

EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
leave of my good friend Mrs. Nickson,
and family, but how was I startled
when I found the knocker muffled, Mrs.
Nickson's maid came to the door; who's
illness I enquired as soon as I could
articulate a syllable—O madam, repli-
ed the girl, we expect every moment
to lose the old lady: she shewed me
up, the room was darkened, not so
much however but Mrs. Ormsby saw
and knew me, by a motion she made
with her hand for me to come near,
she drew her hand from her afflicted
daughter, who was kneeling by her,
raised them in a supplicating manner,
in my favor; the worthy Mr. Nick-
son, who was standing a mournful spec-
tator, she likewise beckoned to her,
yet

yet seemed as if she still wanted some other person, I mentioned the child, it was him she wanted; Mrs. Nickson went for him herself, she brought him in her arms, while Mrs. Ormsby kept his little face to her some time, and on his stroking her face and kissing it of himself the weak tear just trembled in her eye, when seeing us all round her: for some moments she seemed to bless us, then took a strong convulsion poor Sally fainted, and I caught the child, while Sally was carried into another apartment; I never left my dear little boy's great grand mother 'till she had breathed her last, and I really wanted immediate relief as well as Sally.

• 10 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
leave of my good friend Mrs. Nickson,
and family, but how was I startled
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I have put off my journey for a day longer to be mourner to-morrow at the good old Mrs. Ormsby's funeral.

Just returned fatigued, low and sick to death. The same girl ushered me up to Sally's room where I found her struggling with grief to be able to be chief mourner to her grand mother, we all when equipped for that dismal procession met in the dining room, from thence went into Mrs. Ormsby's room, which with the hall and stair case was hung in black ; women with white gloves, hoods, &c. sat at the head, foot, and sides of the coffin, tin sconces in the hall, stair case, and room all light-
ed

ed up, not a glimmering of day light to be seen, when the procession set forward twenty parish girls with hoods, gloves, &c. went first with baskets of rosmary, singing hymns as they went by two and two; six servant maids, my girl among the rest walked in the same order; next were Harriet and I, mourners indeed; for my Sally's sobs pierced me to the heart who walked before me next the coffin, with the dear child in her hand, chief mourners; next the coffin borne by several gentlemen of distinction, a clergyman after the coffin, poor Mr. Nickson next him several friends in order, then twenty parish boys all singing the hymns with the girls

girls; and likewise with baskets the same way, thus in solemn sorrow we walked to the church yard, where the good old woman was interred, Mr. Nickson, Sally the child and I returned in a coach—I hope that good creature will not grieve over much, I am sure I have tired you but it is the last time you are likely to hear from,

H. LYSTER.

LET-

LETTER V.

FROM THE EARL TO HIS TUTOR MR.
BLUNDELL.

I KNOW my dear friend longs to hear from his Sutherland, the first opportunity that offered I have siezed to acquaint you with my present situation, that my most tender and sincere regards are returned by the most charming of her sex I cannot doubt—thousand times her eyes have told me so—when Lady Harret is yoked then I will
stick

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stick to my dear mother, nor do I believe the task will be hard—to prevail on her to intercede with that charming creature in my behalf—but till then I know my dear mother does not think herself at liberty — on account of my father's last request—however Lady Harriet's affair will soon take place—from whence I date a new life—do not be uneasy you shall know every thing that concerns

Yours

SUTHERLAND.

LET.

LETTER III.

LADY HARRIET TO MRS. NICKSON.

HERE I am my dear Mrs. Nickson
safe arrived with my long ab-
sent friends—all our little journey I
have been interceding with my mother
to let me have this affair settled as pri-
vate as possible, I was a long time
about it, but at last have actually
prevailed

prevailed—as we drew near——my heart anticipated the motion of the carriage—we were received at the door, by fir Edward—and the Earl—nothing, nothing could exceed my dear fir Edward's delight at seeing me, we had never met since every thing was settled—your sprightly Harriet could scarce support herself—she trembled so, all the ladies received us in the parlour, Eliza and I clung to each other, we wept for joy—but Oh? that joy was damped by the extreme alteration in my dear Mrs. Hamilton and daughter — I that had not seen them so long — was choaked with grief at their appearance—Eliza like the sensitive plant

plant—touched by her mother—has shrunk almost away---the dear Countess who in her usual manner distributes comfort, as much as she can all around her, was much delighted at our being guests—as my father at first intended living near her—the next day Sir Edward and my father began to settle matters, they asked me for an early day—hang it, thought I—and for my life I could not speak—they all left it to me, Sir Edward beseeching with his looks — Mrs. Hamilton and Eliza's eyes full—am I the cause of those precious drops? would I could wipe them away for ever! —if my being nearly allied can alleviate your sufferings, you matchless pair

I will not hesitate—then hemming I turned to the earl—whose heart and eyes were fixed on Eliza—lamenting no doubt, that he was not soliciting in the same manner, you my lord, said I, by steady attachment to Sir Edward, and wishes for his happiness, shall name the day—it is the desire of my heart, not an ungrateful one to oblige you in every thing would give you pleasure, I am entirely my lord at your disposal—he snatched my hand and kissed it, then gave it to Sir Edward to-morrow—to-morrow—since you desire it private, you can have no objection—nor will I ever forget this obligation to my generous lady Harriet—the highest approbation was

on every face—a placid smile dawned on my dear Mrs. Hamilton's countenance—her heart felt less degree of woe—the gentle Eliza pressed my hand my faithful Harriet, she whispered, how I admire you—my father and the two gentlemen seemed delighted, we retired early to make some trifling preparation for the next day—so my dear friend adieu, remember you hear no more from

your affectionate friend
H. Lyster.

LETTER 2
met to breakfast Harriet; Lyster had just sent the Countess's chaplain and we of a fine wedding to give you, only all that know him—I have no account
nothing

LETTER VII.

LADY HARRIET TO ELIZA.

TIS all over, I am married--yoked
 ---tyed---but to whom? to my
 dear Sir Edward—Mrs. Hamilton's son
 --Eliza's brother---and one beloved by
 all that know him---I have no account
 of a fine wedding to give you, only
 just that the Countess's chaplain and we
 met to breakfast Harriet; Lyfter had
 nothing

nothing more than a white lutestring night gown--and yet I thought had I been decked in jewels, Sir Edward could not more admire, the awful ceremony was performed and I thought I felt much lighter and easier, those dear friends will not spare me any longer; Sir Edward declares I must leave off, and give him my company, bound to obey, I cannot refuse him any thing, adieu my dear friend—yours most sincerely.

E. HAMILTON.

F 3

LET-

LETTER VIII.

LADY HARRIET TO HER FRIEND.

OH my dear creature we have been so frightened—the earl has been indisposed, he was seized with a violent head ach and sore throat; Sir Edward was first informed; we both immediately rose and went to his apartment—he begged we would prevent his dear mother from being alarmed, and requested I would mention it slightly to Eliza;

Eliza; that he could not live out of her presence. I engaged for her that he should see her, while he should be confined which I hoped would not be long. I then went to the countess who flew dear woman to her age's darling—she is very skilful herself and gave him something that afforded him ease--- he fell asleep, we went to breakfast. I told it to the two ladies, as tenderly as possible. Eliza watched every look of the countess's; distress was pictured in them, I hastened to take her into the garden, when that dear girl gave up to her affliction. "Harriet," said she, "I love him, most sincerely love him," "and would give my life to preserve," "and make his happy." My dear
 mother

mother too, does she not hourly pull me with her? Oh, my father!—for, we stood some hours in the summer-house; when we returned we found the Earl rising and ladies were gone up to see him—sir Edward met us, my dear, said he, permit your sister and I to lead you up to the best heart that ever lived, and that I know beats only for you: we entered, Eliza trembled sadly, we approached the bed, welcome my angel said the Earl, this was kind indeed, unknowing what she did, she reached him her hand, he snatched it eagerly: “Oh, madam,” to the countess, “is not she your daughter?” “did not you yourself tell me you “looked on her as such.” “I did, my “dear,”

“dear,” said the affected mother, “if
 “you desire it, she shall, my dear, be
 “my real daughter,” and pressed their
 hands together. It was too much for
 the dear girl, she fell into my arms, her
 mother, the countess, her woman, and
 I bore her to her own apartment. Sir
 Edward staid with the earl to try to
 pacify him; but all he could say had no
 effect; he actually sprung up, dressed
 himself, and was in the room just as
 Eliza began to recover, her weeping
 mother resigned her place to him, and
 sat down to give vent to the different
 passions that struggled in her breast:
 he bathed Eliza’s face and held the
 drops himself, while my dear Edward
 divided himself among us: the two
 mothers

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mothers in the fullness of their hearts
praying for their future welfare. The
dear girl's confusion and anxiety on the
earl's leaving his apartment is not to
be described, but he declared himself
perfectly cured; for his mind was at
ease, and that was the best physician.
The countess took Mrs. Hamilton's
hand, "My dear kind companion and
friend, we are now united;" but put-
ting her hand to her mouth, as she was
making her grateful acknowledgments,
"not a word more on this occasion, for
nothing earthly could give me such sa-
tisfaction, and I have in no wise for-
warded, till now that lady Harriet is
married, in obligation to my dear lord."
We were soon summoned to dinner,

none of us devoured much; the countess would not let the earl eat meat. Never did man look so happy. Edward rejoices with him, so do I—we all rejoice, if poor Mrs. Hamilton would but recover; we should all be happy; for then my dear Eliza would be completely blessed. I will not impose longer on your friendship, but conclude to relieve you from your scribbling friend

HARRIET HAMILTON.

P. S. I had like to forget telling you papa and mama are on a visit to a near relation. Adieu once more.

LET.

LETTER IX.

FROM THE EARL TO HIS TUTOR MR.
BLUNDELL.

MY dear Blundell, I have the extreme satisfaction to acquaint you that every thing is now settled, consent from all parties gained; but best of all from the dear creature herself—a lovely bloom continually takes place on her late languid cheek, which still increases as I observe it; her weakly
mother

mother smiles her delight to have her darling girl settled to her wishes. My mother looks like what she is, all goodness. My dear Sir Edward and amiable lady, partake my happiness largely; the lovely lady Harriet's black eyes sparkles it more than could her tongue, she has blessed Sir Edward and he gratefully acknowledges it; I had a slight indisposition, it was then, Blundell, I ventured what I shall always think on with extacy, that I am dear to Eliza; don't you imagine that cured me?—it really did, I never was so well, my heart is light Blundell; you know my friend 'tis many years since I could say that, as I loved the dear creature long before

my travels: hasten therefore to tie the
indissoluable knot, and make your
friend compleatly blest. I wait in ex-
pectation of seeing you soon, in the
mean time let me hear from you, and
believe me,

Yours sincerely,

SUTHERLAND.

LET.

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MR BLUNDELL TO
THE EARL.

I REJOICE most sincerely in my dear Lord's approaching happiness, and though I never encouraged you, as I thought there was an insurmountable obstacle, she was the very woman I knew he could love, where every virtue was united ; it was impossible but your young heart susceptible as it was, should feel the effect such all conquering per-

64 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
fections. My father is going to Bath
with a sick friend, we shall all set out
in a few days when I hope to perform
that ceremony which will bless you for
life; it will give the highest satisfaction to

Your most sincere

And most obliged,

R. BLUNDELL

LET-

LETTER XI.

LADY HARRIET TO MRS. NICKSON.

NOTHING to be seen here, but the appearance of happiness; for my part, I know not what I am doing; the Countess insists on making her daughter, (that is to be) a present of all her wedding clothes; it is fit the Earl's dignity be kept up a little on this occasion, she came into the drawing room this morning, where Mrs. Hamilton,

Eliza and I were sitting. Mrs. H— was giving her daughter, I was going to say her two daughters, some excellent advice; Eliza catching each word that fell from that excellent woman, and I dare say resolving in her heart to follow her good directions. I was all attention and admiration at the two, but am sure I shall never come up to half her instructions, I am all over in such a fluctuation, I fear I shall forget it, and again I think I shall never forget anything she has ever said in my hearing but what was I saying? oh, the countess came to us, a delightful looking woman she is, and though past her grand climacterics is vastly handsome, the greatest sweetness and good nature

in

in her countenance, together with an affability that delights ; if I was an ancient earl I should actually propose for her : pardon for prolixity, indeed you must excuse me, I am in tip top spirits, and so is my dear Sir Edward.

Well !—now I have blown my rail-
lery away, though methinks it was a
pity to part it ; the valuable countess
took Mrs. Hamilton by the hand.

“ Now,” my dear friend, “ I claim
“ equal share with you in that excel-
“ lent girl.” “ She’s yours, madam,”

said Mrs. Hamilton, “ we are all yours,

“ —your constant care of us quite

“ choaks me, no way on earth can Mrs.

“ Hamilton disoblige me, but by talk-

“ ing

“ ing in this manner; from this, as
 “ the strongest proof of your affecti-
 “ on, never, never mention an obli-
 “ gation, it is myself I oblige, I love
 “ you, I love Eliza, and I love my
 “ son, by contributing to all of your
 “ happiness, I largely contribute to my
 “ own, so never another word on this
 “ occasion.” “ My dear child,” said

she, taking the trembling Eliza, —

“ here are a few ornaments, though
 “ you want none, that will become
 “ the earl’s lady, and my beloved
 “ daughter; it was a father gave them
 “ to me, I ever kept them with me for
 “ this occasion, to bestow them on my
 “ son’s wife; I have far more preci-
 “ ous jewels, which while it pleases

guit

“ God

“ God. I will never part—they are my
 “ dear childrens ;” as she pronounced
 this, she pressed her tenderly to her
 bosom. My poor Eliza quite over-
 come, flung her arm round the coun-
 tefs’s neck, and wept her gratitude,
 I had gone over to Mrs. Hamilton, as
 I saw she wanted my assistance. “ A
 “ small addition,” says the countefs,
 “ to those trinkets, is this picture, it
 “ is my own, set round with diamonds,
 “ I thought it would please you, above
 “ them all, I had it drawn on purpose
 “ for you.” “ Oh, madam,” said
 my weeping sister, “ you have rightly
 “ judged ;” handing it to her mama,
 who could hardly perceive a feature for
 her tears. “ This madam,” said

Eliza

“ Eliza, I will wear next my heart,
“ in hopes that your image so strongly
“ engraved, inwardly and outwardly,
“ my inspire me with some of your
“ vast perfections.

“ Oh, my mama, if you were happy
“ what could your Eliza wish for.”—

The afflicted mother embraced her tenderly. “ My child,” says she, “ my
“ dear child, I am happy, as much
“ so as the Almighty thinks fit to
“ make me; if I had no grievance,
“ how would I dread a separation from
“ this world; I must submit me to
“ his divine will; how great is my
“ reward even here.” The tears
trickling

trickling down her face. "To see
 " you thus my beloved, and to know
 " you so deserving of it."

"My dear Harriet," says she, for I
 downright sobbed, "by your exemp-
 " lary goodness to my dear Edward
 " I know you love us all."

I could not bear this, I put my hand
 on her mouth, and even kissed her
 cheek. "Harriet loves you all," said
 I, "it is no merit in me, for I could
 " not help it if I was to strive ever so
 " much."

On hearing the earl and Sir Edward
 below, we composed ourselves as soon as

we

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we could, and I hastened to give you
this account. My father and mother
are gone back to England. I am glad
to hear from you that my godson and
good Mr. Nickson are well.

HARRIET HAMILTON.

LET-

may for the happiness of the young couple that by their prosperity, they may make the evening of their excellent mother's life pass calmly on.

LETTER XII.

LADY HARRIET TO HER FRIEND.

NOTHING heard from the mouth of the poor, but blessings on this family; it is amazing how the countess manages her charity, I may say, she lets not her left hand know what the right hand doeth, to hear the several poor creatures acknowledging her bounty, and imploring heaven to prolong her days; while they hourly

pray for the happiness of the young couple that by their prosperity, they may make the evening of their excellent mother's life pass calmly on : somebody taps at my door. It was the earl, he pressed my hand ; I see you rejoice on my approaching felicity ; you are a generous creature, but you are dear to my Eliza, you love my angel, and I love you for it ; he led me to a chair, " I will not intrude on you long ; I have just received a note from friend Blundell, his father and he is come to Bath, they cannot stay long, and he presses for an early day, will you propose it to the woman my heart doats on ? I cannot bear to give her uneasiness, even her sweet
 " con-

"confusion pains me. My dear Harriet," and again he took my hand, "Speak before my mother and Edward, they will be friends to their Sutherland."

I readily promised him I would do all in my power to forward it, and give him their answer in the morning; at which time he was to invite the two Blundells, and a friend that travelled with them.

The earl to give me an opportunity went on purpose this afternoon about an elegant carriage that is bespoke, and to give orders about his clothes; likewise to purchase a new suit for every

76 EDWARD AND HARRIET FOR THE
servant man in the family, besides for
numbers of old and poor men. The
countess has had several women at work
this some time past, as she hates to be
hurried; a quantity of necessaries are
making for the poor women and chil-
dren. The most elegant silks she has
bought for us all that ever I saw; so
that I began the grand question with
telling her ladyship, I believed every
thing was ready except Mr. Blundell.
I believe the countess took the hint, for
there was nothing to do now, except
to enquire of the physicians, as the
Bath season was most over, whether
they would approve of her dear friend
Mrs. Hamilton to live, as the earl only
waits for that to take a more elegant
house

house than the one they were in. I was resolved to go on to prevent more *tendernesses* — ‘so dear madam,’ said I, ‘since that’s all, I wish Mr. Blundell would come; for I am sure it would be more agreeable to both parties to have it over.’ Eliza blushed most charmingly; but I did not half pity the dear soul as there was no male creature by, not as much as her brother for he went to the earl.

I found I had no great difficulty in prevailing on the countess, and I knew gentle Eliza would do whatever the countess desired—I reminded her ladyship, how well I behaved on this occa-

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sion myself, and how generously I left
my day to the earl.

‘I think, madam,’ said I, smiling,
‘I have a right to demand the same
compliment from my Edward’s sister.’
‘You have,’ my dear, said the countess taking my hand, and bringing me to Eliza—‘I know you obliged the
earl, and by so doing you obliged me
—this dear girl will make my acknowledgments to you, it is in her
power.’

‘Ah, my Harriet,’ stammered the
- dear girl, ‘don’t be so hard,’ then
- looked at her mama, the countess and
me.—‘Now, my love,’ said the countess,
tess,

tefs, pitying her confusion, 'nobody
 ' alive could be hard (as you call it)
 ' to so much gentleness.—I believe
 ' you were going to say—you would
 ' make us all happy when Mr. Blun-
 ' dell pays us a visit—is it so, my dear
 ' child?' and pressed her blushing face
 to her generous bosom—'That is what
 ' I would say,' replied she, scarcely
 articulating a syllable, 'and that I wish
 ' to deserve this excessive tenderness of
 ' you and my mama.'

'Now, my dear Mrs. Hamilton,'
 said the countess, going over to her,
 where she had sat all the while—her
 eyes and heart raised to heaven in be-
 half

80 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
half of this exalted friend and darling
child.

‘ Now has your Eliza rewarded me ;
‘ I shall live to see my son married to
‘ the most lovely of her sex ; so young,
‘ so good.’ At that instant the earl
and my dear Sir Edward entered the
room. My heart danced at my suc-
cess—he gazed eagerly at me, and then
at Eliza, who could not for her life
raise up her head—we all strove to di-
vert her from her confusion—the first
opportunity my eyes told the earl I
wanted to speak with him ; for I was
ready to die with my good news—we
went to the summer-house : before I
could tell him half, I thought he would
have

have devoured my hand—called me all the pretty names in the world—he pleased me excessively, but I stopped him short by telling him, the day was not fixed yet, for my dear sister did not imagine Mr. Blundell was so near her when she gave her consent.

‘ Now, my lord,’ says I, ‘ do you mention at supper your note from Mr. Blundell, we are at liberty then to fix the day—Eliza will not be able to speak—so we will speak for her—charming creature ; said he,’ how could I do without you ?’ ‘ well well,’ said I, ‘ let us return, but not together ! at my entrance I thought, something smote me as much as to say

Harriet

Harriet you are false to your friend and sister; at this instant my cheeks glowed: but I soon reflected it was her happiness I was forwarding, and that I wished it as sincerely as my own, I was again reassured and happy in my mind—How that wretch is to be pitied, that drags about from day to day that self-tormentor — a guilty conscience—the very idea is enough to frighten one into goodness.

Well, when we were all at supper in pretty good spirits, the earl mentioned his friend; he had a note from him. ‘A note,’ replied Eliza, quick, and blushed.—‘Yes, my charmer, and putting

putting it in her hand, she read it—my heart ached for her, never was so crimson a die, as her lovely neck and face—
 Oh, said I earnestly, from my heart I wish it was over—I knew her confusion would at once silence the ear—so delicate, so extreme is love. I took the paper out of her trembling hand and read it aloud, every one seemed pleased at my proceedings, though nobody had resolution to speak themselves, on account of the violent *ten-dernesses*, that so often happens, —
 ‘ Well,’ said my lord, ‘ in consequence of paying you the compliment of fixing my day, she in return, has allowed me to fix her’s : this is Friday what think you madam of Sunday’,
 turn-

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turning to the countess, 'it is an
' awful ceremony and dare say that
' sacred day will be agreeable to the
' worthy Mr. Blundell to perform it
' on.' — The countess returned me
thanks in general, for saving her dear
girl the trouble, as she was certain I
knew her thoughts, and only spoke
them for her.—Sunday was agreed on,
the earl kissed Eliza's hand.—my sweet
love the affair is settled, we'll change
the discourse, at the same time, he
and my dear Sir Edward, looked me
ten thousand thanks.—Eliza stole her
eyes toward her brother; she knew
she had given pleasure to the grateful
heart.—My best, my lovely sister, your
Edward thanks you for his Suther-
land

land. I was freighted, the mother's eyes, Eliza's and mine began to water—the men themselves, began to wink; hang it, said I, (but it was to myself,) if I was not here, these good people would drown themselves in the tears of their affection; so bounced up; sprung to the harpsichord, that was just behind me, and there I sung and played them all into some other tune, than that old one, the *dismals*—would you believe it, the lovely Eliza, at the earl's request immediately touched the trembling strings, and only I dare not in our present situation, or I could have rallied my dear girl. On the lesson her mother gave us in the drawing room, I told you I knew she would

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get it by heart immediately, and this
was the first mark of her obedience;
for I dare say much as she professes to
love me, I might have begged and even
entreated, and yet in the most obliging
and friendly manner have been refused;
the mother hung over her with delight
while she was singing and playing—
the countess, even joined her; my dear
Edward was all admiration, and your
Harriet had a large share in it, his eyes
told me so, but the earl I was in
hopes he would get up and dance, for
really all but his feet did, his heart
danced—his eyes danced—and I thought
it was natural for his feet to move in
the same lively manner; but I was
disappointed, for his seat was too near
the

the arbiters of his fate to attempt to leave it. I am really sleepy, and Sir Edward calls—coming fir—just bidding

Adieu to,

My dear friend,

HARRIET HAMILTON.

I 2

LÉT.

LETTER XIII.

LADY HARRIET TO MRS. NICKSON.

WELL, my dear, the important invitation is sent to invite Mr. Blundell, his father, and friend, to this long wished for wedding; to-morrow, that dreaded to-morrow makes Eliza countess of Sutherland, charming creature, how she will become her dignity and title! she has just left me—she stole into my room, but on perceiving me

me busy, told me she would not interrupt me. 'No, my sister, you shall not leave me so.' I longed for an opportunity to shew you my Sally Nickson's letters where you are often mentioned, she thanks me, and I made her read what I had written.

'Tell your friend, my Harriet,' said she, 'when I am in a house of my own, I shall be glad to see her, and her family, and every one that will give dear sister and the best of brother's pleasure.' I sincerely believed and thanked her: she is gone down now, it was well they spared her so long; none of them could exist I think without her, and the dear mother

I 3

though

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though her joy is great, yet there is a
more than ordinary kind of a—I don't
know what to call it, that makes one
love and pity her at the same time. I
find I must assist in some preparation
for to-morrow : good bye, good bye, I
am all at their service as well on this
as every other occasion.

H. HAMILTON.

LET.

L E T T E R X I V.

From the same to the same.

THE important day is arrived at last, when my dear Eliza is to enter on an entire new way of life, which we are just going about after breakfast ; we are to retire to dress, then to make our appearance in the drawing room : before dinner the ceremony is to be performed. I have just stole up to give you a few particulars. My dear Eliza
looks

looks delightful; but in order, first, the countess, who was met at the drawing room by the earl who kindly saluted her, then resigned her hand to sir Edward, who led her to her seat—her appearance was every way suitable to her rank and years; next entered Mrs. Hamilton, she was received in like manner. A faint colour revisited her long forsaken cheek; her dress was elegant, neither studied nor formal, next entered Harriet for the last time I was to take place of Eliza; or what is more that I ever desired it; the earl pressed my hand, as he gave it to sir Edward, who could not forbear whispering me that his Harriet was a charming creature; but next came the lovely

lovely bride, lovely I may call her—for I never saw her equal, she was dressed in a white and silver mantua, most elegantly trimmed with silver, and lace mixed, a large hoop of course, a valuable small cap stuck with diamonds, her earrings solitaire, &c. made a most brilliant appearance, there was besides hanging careless mixed with flowers from her solitaire, the countess's picture—never were a more delightful couple—he handed the trembling blushing creature to her chair—the earl himself in all the splendor of a bridegroom looked delightful. My Edward, ever the pretty gentleman, was no dishonour to the charming bride: how did her poor heart flutter; her colour went
when

when the butler pronounced doctor Blundell, captain Blundell, the earl sprung to his friend, then after a most kind reception, pointed to his charming bride: she could not stir; he in the most polite manner paid her his compliments, so did the captain, a very agreeable man: our conversation was general. The earl observing the hour, at his watch and with a meaning, looked at his friend; said it was later than he thought, upon which the doctor took the hint, and in a good humoured manner, said he loved to dispatch business some time before dinner, and then people had the better appetite.

Upon

Upon which the countess touched the bell, and all the servants in a minute made their appearance; those faithful creatures would never have been happy if they had not been present, so much is the family beloved; ‘pray,’ said the earl recollecting himself is not there one wanting? where is your friend, captain? ‘he complained of a head-ach,’ replied the captain; ‘if your lordship will excuse him to dinner, he will do himself the honour of waiting on you in the evening?’ the earl bowed, then took poor Eliza by the hand; the countess raised her by the arm, I placed myself just behind her, we prevailed on Mrs. Hamilton to sit till prayer time, when we could

not

not prevent her sinking on her knees. I thought she would have fainted several times during the ceremony, her eyes swimming in tears, she turned on Eliza just as Sir Edward gave her to the earl. The considerate countess had drops ready, which she instantly gave her, as she hung on her arm; my smelling bottle and fan I was applying to my dear sister, as her mother's tenderness for her, and her own situation left her almost lifeless: glad was I when it was over, and the wines, sweatmeats, cakes, &c. were handing about: after we were all served, the earl desired every servant, in order to drink to his lady's health, which the creatures did, and wished it most sincerely

cerely ; he charged the butler to give plenty of drink to every one that came to the house on that occasion ; at night there was a large bonfire, the bells were immediately set a ringing ; we were likewise entertained with a very agreeable band of music, which the earl ordered, money and drink too.

Never were such demonstrations of joy : we were tolerably recovered, when we were summoned to a most superb entertainment. The countess dowager's behaviour was beyond description : she is a matchless woman, and exerted herself on this occasion.

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Now I have given you this account I must hasten to this happy family, it is a wonder I was to write so long.

Adieu for a while

H. HAMILTON.

P. S. I shall send you by next post, the famous novel of *Lord Winworth*; or *the Memoirs of an Heir*, from which I dare say you will derive great entertainment.

LET.

LETTER XV.

LADY HARRIET TO HER FRIEND.

ON that happy evening which made my sister countess of Sutherland, capt. Blundell took his leave for a few moments, and on his departure apologized for his friend, who was a good deal indisposed; but the earl declared he would take no excuse the next day and that while they staid at Bath they must spend most of their time with

Dorset

K 2

them

100 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
them; that indeed was a most happy
evening! I snatch up my pen to give
vent to my heart: our dear Mrs. Ha-
milton is just fallen into a dose, which
I hope may be of some service to her,
as I am sure if she had not, she could
not have existed now. My tears quite
blind me; but I'll try to give you a
few particulars.

The day after Eliza became countess
of Sutherland, we were in the most de-
lightful conversation in the world,
when all of a sudden Mrs. Hamilton
gave a heavy groan and fainted away;
the countess dowager caught her in her
arms, while the young countess caught
her mother's sigh, and instantly fol-
lowed

lowed by the earl who in the utmost distraction flew to her assistance : but, oh, my Sally, what was our astonishment and surprise, when we beheld colonel Hamilton, to all appearance gasping for breath, prostrate on the ground at his unhappy wife's feet—my head swam—my feet tottered—and for a few moments I forgot this dreadful scene—my dear Sir Edward revived me soon to misery—when I envied the dear senseless mother and daughter—I flew to one then to another—what could I do?—‘barbarous man,’ said I, wringing my hands in the utmost despair—‘Oh, madam,’ said captain Blundell, ‘my dear friend is to be pitied, where will this end?’ and he hastily left me,

to try to raise the colonel. Sir Edward and Mr. Blundell carried Mrs. Hamilton to her room. The lovely countess began to recover; but who can describe her agonies when she recollected herself, she desired to be carried to her dear mama, if she yet lives, and turned her eyes hastily from the colonel, who had just then with the greatest difficulty been brought to himself: at those words he started up—‘ here,’ said he, ‘ my children, stab me at once it will be kind (tearing open his coat) it is due to a robber—I have robbed you of the best of mother’s—myself of the best of wives and children.’ He then cried so, we none of us after all but must pity him in some degree: we left him

to

to the two Mr. Blundells, while we carried the dear countess to her mother's apartment, while the countess dowager was doing all in her power to restore that dear woman—fit after fit succeeded—thus all manner of help was immediately sent for—the physicians ordered a blister immediately ; Eliza heard them ; her sorrow had drained the fountain of her eyes, she rose—sunk on her knees, and in the most heavenly manner, beseeched the Almighty to strengthen her and permit her to attend her dear mama, while it was his will to spare her to her—the weeping earl and my dear Edward led her to the bed, she kissed her dear mother repeatedly. Mrs. Hamilton sighed.

‘ Oh,

‘ Oh, my dear mama,’ said the dear girl, dont answer me with sighs, they pierce me to the very heart : by degrees we brought poor Mrs. Hamilton to herself.

HARRIET.

LET-

LETTER XVI

From the same to the same.

OH, my dear friend, where shall I begin? I really know not; but I will try and recollect my scattered spirits, enough to give you a few particulars. The day after my dear sister became countess of Sutherland, capt. Blundell's family waited on us according to promise; just at their entrance

Mrs.

Mrs. Hamilton gave a loud scream, and with the utmost precipitation sprung forward into the extended arms of the most ghastly figure I ever beheld—it was the once lovely colonel Hamilton, who now strained to his heart in an agony of delight his astonished wife. ‘Oh, my Fanny,’ said he, ‘we are still reserved for each other.’ Forgetting all the spectators, ‘you are welcome, my dear colonel to your forsaken wife.’ The certainty of which was sparkling in her lovely eyes; the long neglectful rose now peeped in either cheek. ‘Oh,’ said she, ‘this unexpected sudden joy makes me amends for the heart rending pangs of separation; it is too much, too

‘ too much,’ said she, ‘ I cannot bear
‘ this overflowing generosity.’ His
manly countenance at once expressing
the violent agitation of his breast. ‘ My
‘ best love,’ said she, ‘ you are my re-
‘ penting prodigal ; you have lavished
‘ away,’ looking tenderly at him,
‘ your health and happiness ; but you
‘ are now returned, and it is my duty
‘ as well as inclination to pour the
‘ gentle balsam of love into your breast.
‘ Oh,’ said he, ‘ catching her eagerly
‘ in his arms,’ and raising his fine eyes
‘ to heaven, teach me to deserve this
‘ excellent woman.’ They embraced
most tenderly, poor Mrs. Hamilton’s
heart, now it was restored to its dear
and much lamented self, seemed ready
to

108 EDWARD AND HARRIET; OR THE
to spring from its confinement ; her
agitation was so much for her tender
frame, in violent disorder we laid her
on the couch.

The colonel was almost frantic, in the
most pathetic manner he lamented over
her, till at length with a good deal of
difficulty we recovered her.

The earl had been taken up with the
countess, who was not adequate to such
tender scenes.

Captain Blundell eagerly seized his
friend's hand, ' ——— Hamilton,' said
he, ' I knew we would be happy, as never
man

‘ man but you deserved such blessings.’
 At this the trembling countess hastily
 arose, and led by the earl dropped on
 one knee. ‘ Bless us,’ said she, ‘ my
 ‘ father and help us to restore to
 ‘ health, the best of wives and mo-
 ‘ ther’s.’—Sir Edward and I in like
 manner accosting him. ‘ Oh, my
 ‘ dear children,’ said Mrs. Hamilton.
 ‘ May you be blest,’ cried the colonel,
 the parental tear bursting from his eye
 ‘—Bless,’ said he, ‘ a hand on each,
 ‘ those precious tender branches, streng-
 ‘ then and support them, pure and
 ‘ unshaken, to bear up against the
 ‘ rude blasts of adverse fortune :’ then
 hastily passing his handkerchief across
 his eyes.—‘ May they never know
 Vol. II. L ‘ their

‘ their father’s misery, or feel their
 ‘ mother’s grief.’

‘ Here,’ my dear, said Mrs. Hamilton, ‘ here is a faithful and constant
 ‘ friend,’ taking hold of the countess
 dowager ‘ one, who since my trouble
 ‘ never parted me, but kindly strove
 ‘ all in her power, to sweeten my bitter
 ‘ cup of affliction, flew to my assistance,
 ‘ restored me to life, and
 ‘ and what is much dearer than life
 ‘ itself, blessed my Eliza:’ her voice
 faltered, and her generous heart paid
 a grateful tribute to the bonds of friendship.

‘ Madam,’

‘ Madam,’ said the colonel, arising in the most respectful as well as grateful manner, taking the countess dowager’s hand ; ‘ What thanks can a man offer to the person, he is most obliged to on earth.’ Adieu my dear madam,

H. HAMILTON.

L 2

LET.

LETTER XVI.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

‘ **W**HO, unknown to him in the
‘ midst of his ship-wreck,
‘ finds his choicest treasure, his inesti-
‘ mable store, carefully preserves them
‘ amidst the dreadful hurricane, che-
‘ rishes and protects them, from the
‘ dreadful disorder of overbearing grief,
‘ and then make him beyond imagin-
ation

‘ ation blessed; thus adds her precious
 ‘ all to his possession’—then turning
 to the earl, ‘ Thou excellent young
 ‘ man—You, my dear Eliza, catch-
 ‘ ing her in his arms, make him hap-
 ‘ py, as his valuable mother, and his
 ‘ lordship have made your father.’

My dear sister wept and even sobbed
 aloud.

The colonel now took sir Edward’s
 hand; ‘ My son,’ said he, ‘ be grate-
 ‘ ful to that good and amiable crea-
 ‘ ture lady Harriet;’ then pressed us
 by turns to his bosom.

‘ Make her as happy as my dearest
 ‘ Fanny before that fatal voyage made
 ‘ me.’

‘ And now,’ said he, my wife,
 ‘ children, and friends, can you bear
 ‘ to hear my grievances, together with
 ‘ my love related; and sure,’ said he,
 addressing himself to Mrs. Hamilton,
 ‘ You the constant partner of my heart
 ‘ —must know I am not ungrateful—
 ‘ but a doating husband—a tender lov-
 ‘ ing father—the distraction of my mind
 ‘ was visible in my almost frantic be-
 ‘ haviour, before I left the once happy
 ‘ Myrtle Grove.’

‘ Oh,

‘ Oh, my love,’ said she, ‘ I remember it, it is engraven here,’ and she laid her hand on her bosom.

‘ An unfortunate duel,’ said he, ‘ was the beginning of all those miseries that have attended us—to be brief the gentleman’s life was in much danger—though I have since heard he is perfectly recovered—a worthy friend insisted on my leaving the kingdom—and by so doing, fly the hand of justice.

‘ You may remember, my dearest life, the agonies this letter threw me in, he urged the necessity of complying

‘ plying in such strong terms, that I
 ‘ thought to all appearance he judged
 ‘ the matter right—repeatedly I intend-
 ‘ ed telling you, the whole of the af-
 ‘ fair—but I knew how your gentle
 ‘ nature would shudder at the least
 ‘ item of my danger—however, after
 ‘ many severe and cruel struggles, I
 ‘ resolved to take this friend’s advice,
 ‘ and by the most affectionate letter
 ‘ love could dictate after my departure
 ‘ to inform you that my presence was
 ‘ absolutely necessary on some particular
 ‘ occasion, which I would have con-
 ‘ trived, rather than torture your ten-
 ‘ der bosom with the real cause.

‘ This

‘ This letter I actually gave to my
 ‘ worthy friend, who saw me on board
 ‘ and who I was informed died sud-
 ‘ denly, a few hours after we parted;
 ‘ all parts of the world separated from
 ‘ my dear family, were equally indif-
 ‘ ferent; so I resolved going to Italy;
 ‘ but our unfortunate ship soon met an
 ‘ Algerine pirate. Our captain was
 ‘ shot, besides several of the crew—
 ‘ the unhappy survivors were taken
 ‘ prisoners, in which number was your
 ‘ distracted husband.’ Adieu.

H. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

AT those words, the colour forsook poor Mrs. Hamilton's lips; the dear countess's trembling hand instantly applied the salts, while resentment flashed in the deepest crimson on the earl and sir Edward's cheek. After a pause; 'in pity to you my best beloved, and never forgotten children, resumed the colonel, I will not re-
' late

‘ late the variety of hardships I un-
 ‘ derwent, cold, hunger, poverty
 ‘ and ill usage; to relieve you, at the
 ‘ present as well as myself, I will in-
 ‘ form you of my escape : happily for
 ‘ me my master’s son fell violently in
 ‘ love with a young female slave ; he
 ‘ made me his confidante, and declared
 ‘ if I would forward their escape, he
 ‘ would leave me in my own country ;
 ‘ rejoiced almost to madness at the
 ‘ offer, I ventured my life in the at-
 ‘ tempt, and heaven be praised suc-
 ‘ ceeded. You see, my dear, your Ha-
 ‘ milton’s to be pitied, not blamed—
 ‘ only for my rashness concerning the
 ‘ duel : there indeed, I know I was
 ‘ faulty.’ Poor Mrs. Hamilton, the
 countess

countess and fir Edward's delight was inexpressible to find that he had been more unfortunate than guilty; and now indeed we live completely blessed — I conclude myself your sincere friend

HARRIET HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

LADY HARRIET TO MRS. NICKSON.

BATH.

ALAS, my dear friend, our valuable and excellent Mrs. Hamilton is extremely ill; overcome with happiness, if I may so term it, she sinks oppressed under the pleasing load, that has so lately crowded upon her: her feeble and gentle frame little

able to bear the violent preffures of fo much fudden and unexpected joy, gives way, and feems to break apace ; her indisposition yefterday prevented my writing, as I was in hopes to have fomething better to acquaint you with to-day.

My dear friend is rather worfe ; the poor colonel is greatly to be pitied ; we cannot prevail on him to take the leaft nourifhment ; he and my fifter never leave her ; it would grieve your heart to fee him kneeling by her, his tears fteaming in abundance ; his fighs re-echoed by his weeping daughter, at whom fometimes he darts the moft piteous glances, while the lovely patient

tient—patient indeed in all her sufferings, seems only to lament for our affliction.

I can only write by scraps, our dear Mrs. Hamilton is weaker and weaker, in so much, that she cannot assist herself in the least; the famous Dr. B—, is sent for.

The worthy countess dowager—how I regard her, for her exquisite care and concern for my friend.

Just returned again; the doctor has ordered a cordial to be given her directly.

M 2

When

When he left the room, the colonel followed him. ‘ Doctor,’ said he, ‘ guess what I would say though indeed I cannot name it—there is something rises in my throat, and almost choaks me with apprehension : Oh, Sir, my wife, my better half; tell me—and yet do not,’ clasping his wretched hands—‘ what will become of us ?’ then bursting into tears.

‘ You know not, sir,’ said he, ‘ that excellent creature—her equal does not breath on earth,’ then smothering his grief, as well as he was able—fearful of an answer he returned to his wife’s apartment.

This

This instant my dear friend had a violent and long fainting fit, my hearts oppressed with grief ; I can hardly see to write.

I am sincerely yours

H. HAMILTON.

M 3

My

LETTER XIX.

From the same to the same.

MY dear friend has just taken a heart breaking leave of the colonel, while he poor man was almost gasping for breath at every syllable—the fountains of my poor sister's eyes are quite drained; at each penetrating look and word, of her beloved mother, her heart instead of tears seem starting from them; she frequently reminds
them

them of their future meeting, beseeching them, as they will regard her memory, to comfort and console each other—who can console them? alas! I know not.

Mrs. HAMILTON's MAID

IN CONTINUATION.

O, madam, how can I inform you—indeed, I cannot—my tears must write it—my dear, my ever valuable lady, such a distracted wretched family—the
world

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world will weep, when they hear of
her many virtues.

The colonel, the countess, what will
become of us ? about four this morn-
ing her fits returned, in the most alarm-
ing and dreadful manner. The poor
colonel hung weeping over her, sprink-
ling her cold face with his gushing
tears.

Sir Edward frequently kissed her out-
stretched hand ; which the afflicted
countess, tenderly pressed between
hers.

The countess dowager, fir Edward,
and

and lady Harriet giving all the assistance in their power.

At last, my dear, ever to be lamented lady, requested the colonel to consider, how she had supplied the place of father and mother, five long dismal years to the best of children—she now, as her last dying request, begged, he would consider them as the tender pledges of their mutual love—to remember they were just going to lose an indulgent parent, besought him to exert himself for their dear sakes—he folded them in his bosom, and bid them find one there.

Then

Then turning to the countess—‘ my
 ‘ child,’ said she, ‘ my darling Eliza,
 ‘ the long partaker and faithful sym-
 ‘ pathizer of your mother’s sorrow,
 ‘ come to my arms, and let me even
 ‘ in death embrace you—support your-
 ‘ self, my dear child, on this trying
 ‘ occasion—do—comfort your poor af-
 ‘ flicted father ; you must not, indeed
 ‘ you must not, let this short sepa-
 ‘ ration, blast my precious blossom ;
 ‘ behold your husband, father, bro-
 ‘ ther, sister, my best of friends, and
 ‘ your mother ; live for them, my
 ‘ Eliza ;’ again her drooping spirits
 failed her: the colonel wept aloud,
 so did we all, except the most mourn-
 ful and beautiful statue of affliction.

Again

Again, my dear lady spoke, ' come
' near to me, my Edward; your fa-
' ther's loved resemblance deeply en-
' graved on your mother's heart, come
' to it then, my son, and take my
' last blessing, and with my dying
' breath hear me proclaim, you never
' disoblige me.

LET-

LETTER XX.

Mrs. HAMILTON's MAID.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

‘MY dear and afflicted Harriet—
‘ my second daughter you have
‘ an ample share in this divided heart,
‘ may you and Edward long be happy.’
The earl then leaned over her, he could
not speak.

‘ Thou excellent young man,’ said
she, my Eliza’s faithful love, come to
‘ the

‘ the bosom, you strove to hail ; it
 ‘ was you first made it feel for five
 ‘ sad years, the sweet—sweet dawn of
 ‘ long departed peace.’

‘ Oh, my son, preserve Eliza, re-
 ‘ vive her soul with love, banish her
 ‘ sorrows, and be blest together.’

The earl greatly moved stepped back.

The old lady next embraced her
 feeble friend. ‘ Accept,’ said Mrs.
 Hamilton, ‘ accept my dying thanks
 ‘ for your steady and unalterable regard,
 ‘ thou best of women ; my Eliza and
 ‘ my life’s preserver ; may you long
 ‘ long live to bless, and be blest, by
 Vol. II. N ‘ this

‘ this dear family : you are the beloved friend of my soul.’ She wept, she grew quite weak, in so much, that she could hardly utter another syllable.

Indeed, madam, when I think how she pressed my hand, and strove to speak to me, I could weep my eyes out.

My dear lady, then, grew very bad when fixing her set eyes first on the colonel, and then on the countess, with a sweet and heavenly smile expired.

It is true, indeed, madam, she is gone from us for ever. As soon as the
unfor-

unfortunate colonel found she was torn from him, he was quite outrageous, and had instantly plunged upon his naked sword, had not Sir Edward and the earl wrenched it from him.

LETTER XXI.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

‘O H, Sir,’ said the earl, ‘for
‘pity sake, behold your love-
‘ly daughter; my wife, my Eliza;
‘help me to awaken her from her le-
‘thargy of woe.’

The dear young creature, all this
while did not observe what past, wrapt
up in the fable and all encircling
mantle

mantle of despair, the parting sigh, separating pang, dwelt on her heart. Awed by her solemn grief, none dare approach her. At length, the earl and sir Edward lifted her to her room: poor lady Harriet, she is now supporting her fainting husband: oh, may her excellent spirits, never forsake her—but, indeed, she seems quite subdued with sorrow; never had creature a better heart. The venerable old countess, as she gazed attentively on her departed friend, her handkerchief frequently receiving the faithful drops of sensibility.—‘ You have fought a
‘ good fight,’ said she, ‘ you have travelled through a thorny road—a dismal pilgrimage—but are now—hap-

' pily for yourself, arrived at your blef-
 ' fed mansion. Oh, death, where is
 ' thy sting; oh grave, where is thy
 ' victory! would I could follow now,
 ' your excellent example; and while
 ' my heart laments the loss of you,
 ' my friend, and breaks for my sons
 ' affliction, give me patience, heaven
 ' to submit to thy will, without mur-
 ' muring, that I may be able to afford
 ' consolation to those dear remains of
 ' that excellent woman: and oh spare,
 ' I beseech thee, spare, my beloved
 ' son and daughter, the delight and
 ' staff of my old age.'

Dear

Dear madam, the countess is very bad, and is seized with a most violent puking of blood—the earl is quite distracted ; the colonel tearing his hair—what will become of us ?

LET-

LETTER XXII.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

THE countess is much worse, those eight hours her afflicted lord—has not moved his hand off of her stomach, which the doctor says is of the utmost consequence.

Alas, madam, he has told lady Harriet, he has not the least hopes, and fears she will go off unperceived; or else, that the vomiting will return, which

which will certainly be attended with the most fatal consequence. Poor lady Harriet, wringing her hands knows not where to turn her; she is gone to implore the earl to supply his place: it is all in vain, never, never, he says will he rise from his knees, or remove his hand, untill he hears her speak; or, if he is doomed, he could not utter it. His weeping mother looked at him with all the speaking feelings of her heart. In the midst of his distraction, he pitied her distress.

The poor colonel unable to stand leans upon Edward, he prays without ceasing for his child; he implores heaven
to

to spare to him his Fanny's dear resemblance : he weeps incessantly.

This morning, my dear, and ever to be lamented lady was interred ; not the least footstep was heard through the whole house. The old lady's exemplary care, prevented the unhappy family being more, than they hourly are reminded of their severe loss.

Oh madam, not the least life now appears in the countess ; every expedient has been tried ; we cannot perceive she breathes at all ; they have held a glass to her face, it is not sullied : what will become of us ? All that can be said, or done, the earl will
not

not leave her—but continues in the same supplicating posture ; his lovely black eyes starting from their sockets, are fixed on hers, eagerly watching to catch the smallest degree of hope.

The colonel oppressed with woe has sunk into a kind of stupid lethargy, my heart bleeds for them ; the old lady with a trembling hand, and tears in her eyes, held a glass of wine to his lips ; he looked at his wife, then at his mother, in all the agony of despair—his mother's affliction pained him ; in vain he strove to oblige her, but the passage to his heart was full, he could not swallow : unable to behold her age's darling involved in the unrelenting

ing jaws of grief, she has retired to her closet, where she will pour forth her soul to him alone, that is able to redress her. We all sincerely join in her orisons, that she may be heard, and rewarded according to her wish, prays the heart broken

S. LION.

LET.

LETTER XXIII.

LADY HARRIET TO MRS. NICKSON.

MY dear Sally, it is long since I could hold a pen. My heart is dissolved in grief. My dear Sir Edward you would not know him, he has lost the best of mothers and of sisters—I feel for them feyerely; but oh, my husband, my Edward, if I should lose him—heaven preserve him?—I cannot

write, and yet I must—or my swollen heart will burst.

If I lose my Edward, may I not hope to escape from this barbarous world, and join you, my love, even in death. My head swims—my heart beats hard, what dreadful noises in the next apartment ! perhaps, this moment my Edward goes, and leaves his wretched Harriet here.

Heaven and earth ! where am I ? she lives, she lives, the countess lives ! I cannot write connected ;—distracted with my fears, I rushed into my sister's chamber—such a sight—her eyes were open. Yes, my beloved Eliza's eyes were

were open. My Edward like a marble statue, cold and motionless : the poor earl !—but why do I mention him ? I cannot sure describe the strong convulsive laugh, the eager grasping, as he saw her breathe. I flew to the bell—I screamed for joy.

The old lady instantly came to their assistance ; her eyes and hands raised to that awful being she was so ardently addressing, her heavenly composure rendered her capable of affording immediate relief. she poured strong sack whey down my dear sister's throat ; it warmed her—she gradually came to herself.

The earl's disorder pierced his mother's soul.—‘ Oh, my Sutherland,’ said she, ‘ pity your aged parent !—’ she wept. My dear Eliza cast a tender glance at him, and sighed: it had a blest effect on him.’ ‘ Oh my Eliza,’ said he, do you once more behold me, ‘ and will you live to bless me ?’ he now, to all our satisfaction burst into a violent flood of tears, my Edward and I supported him.

‘ Oh, my friend, my brother,’ said he, ‘ she will not leave us. Harriet, he cried, pressing my hand, ‘ I have her yet.’

The

The physician now declared he had hopes. In the midst of our confusion the colonel was on his knees, at the side of her bed. ‘What, said he, smiting his breast in the most dreadful agonies : ‘teach me heaven to be
‘thankful,

Adieu &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

WE led the Earl to her, the colonel hung weeping about her neck. ‘She’s there still,’ said he, ‘your wife, my child.’ The countess dowager kissed her tenderly as she lay; so did we all—I thought the earl’s heart would spring to his lips.

We

We are now more and more in hopes of her recovery ; the doctor declares the earl under God has saved her life, by his constant adherence to his directions, as nothing but the continual pressure, without the least motion, could possibly have contributed to heal the broken vessel, which was certainly the case.

The dear creature has just spoke to her transported earl, though indeed she is hardly able ; as the doctor has charged her to be kept extremely quiet for fear of a relapse ; and though her voice is harmony to the earl's soul, he will not permit her to speak, even to himself, but gazes attentively, as if it were

were to read her thoughts : he has, though I believe he never felt it, a violent swelling, and of course, a pain in his arm, that he says, he will ever prize since it contributed to the recovery of his heart's treasure. His tender mother has stript it herself—while the parental tear dropt down upon it.

My dear sister is now permitted to speak to us a little, how affectionately she thanks us for our care of her, while a sigh escapes her gentle bosom lamenting in her heart !

We had not the same happy success with her beloved mother : if the dear
crea-

creature was once able to be removed, we would hasten to Berkley-Square, as this place the countess apprehends, may contribute to her lowness, by reminding her continually of her so latent affliction.

My dear sister mends apace considering her deplorable situation, and is now able to take the air. What short sighted creatures are we poor mortals, who that had beheld the countess pale, stretched, cold, and insensible, would have imagined, she could ever survive it: yet that excellent old lady, never gave herself over to despair; but poured forth the fullness of a contrite heart at his throne, where we are all mercifully

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cifully told, we shall be heard, and
who has now, beyond our expectati-
ons restored that lovely creature blest
the earl, made us all happy, and in-
stead of that venerable good old lady's
grey hairs going with sorrow to the
grave, left her beloved children to
calm, and crown with peace, the
gloomy sunset of her life.

I am

Dear Mrs. Nickson

Yours sincerely

HARRIET HAMILTON.

L.F.T.

LETTER XXV

Lady Harriet to the same.

I send my packet, and in a few weeks
hope to see Berkley Square with
those beloved friends. Adieu in haste.

H. HAMITLON.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

From the same to the same.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

Berkley Square.

HERE we are my dear creature, happily arrived — I could not, though so near you, refrain from scribbling a few particulars, as I knew they would give you real pleasure—the lovely countess is almost herself again, the happy earl transported, his sparkling eyes proclaiming his broken peace

peace restored: his beloved is enlarging in his affections.

You know you are an old matron may guess my meaning. Nothing going on but *tendernesses*. Before we left Bath, the worthy old lady entreated her daughter in the most tender manner, to aid and assist them all in her power, to forward her speedy recovery.

Yes, my dear Lord, and you, my best of friends, said my sister, ‘ I own
 ‘ I wish to live for you, it is due to
 ‘ both, for your wonderful care and re-
 ‘ gard to me; it was ever madam,

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‘ since I had the happiness to know
 ‘ you, my utmost wishes to oblige
 ‘ you; it is now my duty, as well as
 ‘ inclination; for your sake, my dear
 ‘ lord,’ leaning in his bosom—‘ the long
 ‘ partaker of my heart, I wish to live,
 ‘ to preserve and to bless you with
 ‘ your tender babe.’

Such extacies—for I positively now
 will have no more *eye-water* — ‘ For
 ‘ my poor father’s sake’—looking ten-
 derly at him, ‘ that was ever dear to
 ‘ the best of mother’s—I will still en-
 ‘ deavour to console him; my dear
 ‘ brother, and you my sister, continue
 ‘ with us,—and see the best of hus-
 ‘ band’s, and of women,—do what
 ‘ they

‘ they will with their Eliza.’ Every thing was then settled for our journey—her present situation, we are informed, may renew her constitution and re-establish her health.

I told you before of the extacies, so will not repeat them—what in the name of wonder, am I doing—writing a journal directly, as if I was in the large parlour at Bath—I charge Mr. Nickson and you not to neglect my godson ; but hasten to see me, positively if you tease me about any alteration in my shape, I will not forgive you. My heart is all you have a right to

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question about, and that is unalter-
ably yours

H. HAMILTON.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

ELIZA TO LADY HARRIET.

ACCORDING to promises my dear lady Harriet, I have enclosed the legendary tale for your private amusement; it a tale of interesting sorrow, and I make no doubt but your sympathizing breast will feel for poor Rosina's distress, though imagined

No more at present, I hope we shall
no longer discourse at a distance but
enjoy all social happiness.

Yours,

ELIZA.

RO-

ROSINA,
A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY _____.

I

In foreign climes on happy ground,
A stately mansion grew,
Where nature's rural arts abound
To ravish mortals view.

2

Surrounding trees and neighb'ring groves
Shed forth their fragrance now,
While little warblers chaunt their loves
Upon the bending bough.

The

3

The owner much renowned by fame
 Had been a valiant knight,
 Who had procured a lasting name
 By being great in fight.

4

For laurels in the field he fought,
 Where Heroes death embrace
 And then his rural pleasures fought
 In days of genial peace.

5

Sir Walter not alone content,
 With honors he'd receive,
 He wou'd confer—where'er he went,
 Like honors on the brave;

Now.

6

Now Esmond, 'twas thy happy chance
To win Sir Walter's praise,
Till worth our hero shou'd advance—
The one, the other, raise—

7

Thy valour in the sanguine fight
Cou'd not the foe offend,
Thou conquer'd our all conqu'ring
knight,
And made thyself, his friend—

8

Our sons of Mars with equal care
More kind—more valiant grown—
Each other's pain and pleasure share
For friendship makes them one.

When-

9

Whene'er the variegated sun
Wou'd dart a chearful ray—
The knight wou'd always walk alone
And meditating stray—

10

He chose a bower where the breeze
Wou'd moderate the heat—
And where the tenants of the trees
Wou'd sing in lofty state.

11

'Tis now he took his wonted round
When near a chrystal stream,
He heard a female's plaintive sound
Which near and nearer came.

He

12

He stop'd to hear what more might
come

Th' harmonious sounds to catch—
But list'ning echo had been dumb—
The music had no match,

13

With wand'ring eyes at last he sees
A lovely fair forlorn ;
Weeping beneath two shelt'ring trees,
Which shook while she wou'd mourn.

14

Say lovely fair— what cause so new
Can wound thy tender breast ?
That here I under Heav'n shou'd view
An angel—so distrest ?

It

15

It 'tis in mortals pow'r to blefs—
 To ſtop the falling tear—
 To be a friend to thy diſtreſs,
 Behold the friend—is here.

16

To blefs ! (ſhe cries) all joy is fled,
 What friend can now appear,
 Oh, will the grave reſtore it's dead
 And ſend my huſband, here ?

17

Huſband ! the loveſick knight replied—
 Huſband reechoed ſhe !
 One day—a maid—a widow—bride—
 Oh fatal day to me !

My

18

My parents did a cottage hold,
Where blest there days were spent
Enjoying greater wealth than gold ;—
Fresh health and pure content.

19

I was their only daughter then,
Rofina was I called,
Too often lov'd by flattering men,
Too oft, alas ! extolled.

20

The morning came which made me bride,
For William had been kind :
And then did cruel war divide,
What mighty heaven join'd.

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Q

With

21

With deepest sorrow I recall,
When honour bore the sway,
When William eagerer then all,
Did tear himself away.

22

I follow'd—though he bade me stay,
My passion disobey'd,
I follow'd, and oh, dismal day!
He with the dead was laid.—

2

For ever since I sadly roam,
No peace—no comfort find—
No more wou'd see my native home
To bring past joys to mind.

Wee;

24

Weep not a fallen husband's fate,
 Th' enraptur'd knight exclaim'd ;
 For thou shalt share my worldly state,
 And person ever fam'd.

23

The fair beheld with modest scorn ;
 Her mind she thus exprest—
 For she was great, tho' humbly born,
 Of manners sweet possest.

26

Beware to bring a wretch to shame,
 A wretch in utmost need—
 Oh, never fully honor's name
 By one inglorious deed.

27

The man I lov'd ne'er basely strove
 Such low designs to gain;
 For had he dared to seize on love,
 It should have brought disdain.

28

Tho' poor and humble I appear
 (The easier to fall)
 My virtue shall be still more dear,
 Since virtue is my—all.'

29

'Hold' says the knight, thy husband's dead
 Can virtue take offence,
 If thou dost now partake my bed
 And banish sorrow hence?

No,

‘ No, never shall my husband’s place
 So vilely be supplied;
 No man shall bring me to disgrace,
 Before he calls me bride.’

31

‘ Oh, turn thou beauty and I’ll swear,
 To love thee while I live,
 Thou shalt partake my fortune, fair,
 What more cou’d hymen give ?

32

‘ What is a fortune, what a vow,
 If I no more cou’d claim ?
 I’d have—what lawful bands allow,
 ’d have besides---your name.’

Q 3

Ah!

33

‘ Ah ! says the Knight with heaving sighs
E’en there shou’d I agree,
But my relations wou’d despise,
My honest love for thee.

34

’Tis cruel honor has denied,
The gift I fain wou’d part—
My hand I cannot give thro’ pride ;
But thou shalt have—my heart,

35

‘ ’Tis thine—thy worthless heart—again’
Replies the noble fair—
The gift I ever shall disdain,
Which only proves—a share :

I’ve

36

I've tried thee now, and plainly see,
The secrets of thy breast,
Is it an honest love for me,
To love relations best?

37

Still honour is thy constant boast,
Yet schemes thy vile employ;
Which ought the nation censure most,
To wed—or to decoy?

38

Thou dost of passion much exclaim,
But no affection prove;
How couldst thou bring the fair to shame
The fair one of thy love?

She

36

She left the knight to think—to rave—

Opprest with love and fear,

'Till faithful Edmond now—the brave—

Appear'd his friend to cheer.

40

' Oh, says the knight, I've vanquish'd been

By beauty's magic view,

Hadst thou beheld what I have seen,

Thou wouldst have lov'd her too.'

41

' Alas ! says Edmond—tear not me,

My heart she cannot move ;

'Tho' young, tho' handsome she may be

I shou'd not dare to love.'

Thou

42

T'hou gav'st me honour—gavest me fame
 E'en life Sir Walter gave,
 And shall the man who rais'd my name
 A poor return receive ?

43

'No—if I've power to persuade,
 This fair one shall be thine,
 I know what love is, ill repaid,
 How sadly it will pine.

44

'She shall be thine, and if thy fame
 Permit thee not to wed.
 I know a youth who chang'd his name,
 To share a fair one's bed.'

Then

45

‘ Then let Sir Walter like this youth,
Wed privately for life.

How will relations know the truth,
How will they know his wife ?—

46

‘ It shall be so, I’m on the rack,
Haste, haste on friendship’s wing,
O, make the blooming fair come back,
My dear enchantress bring.’

47

Now Esmond flew, sir Walter gaz’d
And priz’d his friendship true,
Delighted, tortur’d, vex’d and pleas’d,
He knew not what to do.

His

48

His absence much he sadly mourns,
His eyes upon the ground.
Neither his friend, or love returns,
He fears she is not found.

49

Then flies himself to seek the fair,
To view again her charms;
But, mighty heav'n! behold the pair,
Lock'd in each other's arms!

50

' God of my hope! what do I see,
Oh, cursed, horrid view,
Can this the virtuous fair one be,
And this the friend so true!'

Traytor

51

Traytor and traytorefs begone,
To hell thus wedded go—
And with his furious sabre drawn,
He join'd them in the blow.

52

' Save my Rosina, save the fair,
Have pity on her life!
The drooping matron cried, ' O spare
' The husband for the wife.'

53

' Husband ! did Walter loud exclaim,
Was it the husband prest,
Art thou the youth who chang'd thy
name ?—
Lo ! William stood confest.

Em-

Embracing and embrac'd they fell,
 For each they heav'd a sigh,
 And left the Knight his tale to tell—
 How two fond lovers die !

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